

Norwich Bulletin

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Norwich, Thursday, Aug. 13, 1914.

The Circulation of The Bulletin

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, at a rate of ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to 100 houses, in Putnam to 100, in Danbury to 100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-one towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and sixty rural free delivery routes.

The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901 average..... 4,412
1905, average..... 5,920

9,233

Have The Bulletin Follow You

Readers of The Bulletin leaving the city for vacation trips can have it follow them daily and thus keep in touch with home affairs. Order through The Bulletin business office.

MORE OBSERVING.

"Professor Fisher wants to be governor," observes the Norwich Bulletin, "but there are no indications that the people of Connecticut want him. And having thereby eliminated Mr. Fisher, will the Bulletin please do some more observing and tell us what are the chances of Charles W. Comstock, who registers from Norwich when he hits the big places—New London Globe, etc. Oh, no! We make no pretense of having eliminated Prof. Fisher. He may have a political hurray in his trousers pocket."

Charles W. Comstock knows where to register for prestige and if his political judgment is equally good, who can tell what may happen.

We have wiped our spectacles and cannot see that the idol of Windham county is worshipped anywhere else in this state.

INCREASING FIRE LOSSES.

The New York Journal of Commerce which makes a feature of recording the fire losses of America and Canada, finds the July fire losses were \$3,000,000 less than last year, but the losses for the seven months of 1914 just passed were \$12,000,000 greater than for the same months in 1913.

There were during July some 265 fires that show each an estimated property loss of \$10,000 or more. The loss in this country and Canada for the first seven months of 1914 was \$126,558,060. For the first seven months of 1913 the loss was \$138,996,560.

Three fires are shown in the record that caused a loss of \$500,000 each; one caused a loss of \$400,000 and there were ten in which the loss was, in each case, between \$200,000 and \$400,000. The three most destructive fires were at Birmingham, Ala., Chicago and Seattle, in widely separated sections of the country.

The percentage of well insured property was exceptionally high last month.

The Hartford Courant says: "So far the year has been a bad one for the fire insurance companies. They have been losing money on the business of the year. They keep up under their losses only by reason of their accumulated strength."

THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

It cannot be denied the cigarette smoking habit is increasing in this country in spite of all disclosures as to the baneful effect of the habit and the laws which have been passed restricting its sale.

There were smoked during 1913 a total of 14,330,483,200 cigarettes, an increase of 3,185,532,703 over the previous banner cigarette year.

Once in a while we hear the cigarette smoker refer to them as "coffin nails" and it would be well if they proved to be nothing worse than that. Cigarette smoking to excess has made mental and physical wrecks of thousands of promising young men and soured the lives of a hundred thousands more.

All educators agree that the cigarette smoking pupil is the dull one in his class, and those qualified to speak say this habit is sapping the moral and mental power of America's young men.

Calling them "coffin nails" is a grim jest, but the victim is to be pitied who finds himself in such an impaired mental or physical condition that he wishes they had proved to be.

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, G. A. R.

The forty-eighth national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in Detroit August 31 to Sept. 1.

There are a number of reasons why it promises to be the largest for several years.

The city of Detroit is centrally located, easily accessible to the east and central west, both by land and water; famed as a convention city, Detroit attracts thousands every year because of its natural beauty; then it is rich in Civil War history and landmarks, making it especially attractive to the old soldier; again in preparation for this encampment several precedents have been established which meet with the general approval not only of the members of the Grand Army, but of all.

The entertainment of all visitors to this encampment will be by the city of Detroit, a direct tax having been levied for the purpose, doing away with the usual popular subscription nuisance which usually attends large gatherings.

With a fund, the committee, composed of 200 representative men of the city, approved by the mayor, propose to defray every expense. The official programs, the badges, boat rides and whatever other entertainment is provided will be free. No solicitation for contributions for so-called official programs will be permitted and every scheme of graft will be prevented, if possible. The idea is to give the old soldier a maximum good time at a minimum cost to them.

A badge weighing three and a half ounces, six inches in length and nearly two inches across will be worn by the delegates to the G. A. R. encampment there the week of August 31st.

With one exception this will be the handsomest and most massive of any of the various badges to be provided by the committee. The delegate's badge, or "representative" badge, it being thus distinguished from the other delegate badges, is of bronze, oxidized silver and jeweler's enamel. The top represents an eagle mounted on a pedestal of cannon, below which is a pyramid of solid shot. Attached to this is a medallion on which appears the G. A. R. monogram in colors and below this is an oxidized silver representation of Cadillac and his crew landing in Detroit. At the extremity is a round medallion of Washington Gardner, commander-in-chief, in bronze.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE BE BENEFITED?

The war will interfere with American trade as well as increase it in some respects. It is an open question whether this country will gain as much as it will lose.

Our business with Germany amounts to about a million dollars a day the year round; with Austria-Hungary \$25,000,000 a year and with Russia about \$1,000,000 a week. These markets are closed by the war.

Our trade with Great Britain of \$500,000,000 a year is likely to be increased and also our trade with France which amounts to \$150,000,000 a year, if the Atlantic is cleared of the enemy's ships.

There will be a greater demand for war material, foodstuffs, horses, mules, shoes, etc., but will the increase equal the loss caused by interference?

This country is dependent on Germany for many of the chemicals used in the arts; the shipment of silks from France will be interrupted, and it may be difficult to get wool from Cornwall and hides and wool from Russia; there will be an interruption in the free passage of cotton from the fields of the south to the consumer on the other side of the ocean, an interruption due to the suspension of sailings of the freight ships, and to the closing of British and Continental cotton mills.

Everything Americans eat, drink and wear shows a tendency to advance in price.

A leather expert says: "If the United States is to be called on to supply the armies of Europe with boots and shoes we must get leather from Europe. I am afraid, before we can deliver the goods, we get some hides for leather purposes from South America, too, but the quantity is likewise insignificant."

The difficulty in the way of selling or receiving raw materials and shipping foodstuffs and manufactured goods are so many that the benefit to American trade because of the war is not apparent at present.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The French are so fond of the Germans they want to eat 'em up!

The navy yard men want their vacations doubled—15 days is not enough.

The Germans have found that war on Belgium soil is all Gen. Sherman said it was—and more!

The summer girl complains that there is too much war talk with the cream and soda nowadays.

When the New-York caterers raised the price of "hot dogs" a howl went up that caused them to halt.

We should not be offended if the heathen think America to be a fine field for missionary endeavor.

Secretary Daniels has no use for boosters in the navy or ashore. John Barleycorn promotes disaster.

There ought to be a declaration of war in this country against the speculators who unscrupulously raise prices.

The German cruisers will not pose a menace to traffic on the Atlantic for the cruisers of England and France will make an end of them.

Men who openly advocate the bombing of judges in this country are guilty of abominable freedom of speech. It is more Christian to recall them.

Germany tackled the smallest nation on its border first and forced it to fight against its will. It is repeating there what a bully usually repeats.

The Star Spangled Banner will look beautiful to the Americans abroad when they find themselves safely sailing the seas beneath its protecting folds.

An Irishman is accredited with having said: "The Irish in Ireland are half Protestants and half Catholics; if they were all atheists they would live in peace together like Christians!"

The appeals of the nations for divine aid to slaughter one another are hardly in good form. The Lord knows they are capable of doing that well enough alone. If they really need help their appeal is to the wrong party.

THEIR FRAZZLED NERVES

"No," said the girl in the hat with the white roses, "I haven't seen Charlie for a number of days. I guess he isn't feeling very well or else is recovering."

"Recovering!" echoed the young woman in the orange tango waist. "I didn't know he was ill!"

"It is not exactly illness," explained the young woman with the white roses in her hat. "It is mostly shock. And I don't blame him. It was an awful evening."

"Tell me!" begged her friend. "We went to the movies," proceeded the heroine of the tale. "I suppose it was just a coincidence, but every last film had a snake in it!"

"My goodness!" shuddered the girl in the orange waist. "That's what I said!" agreed the other.

"First," she continued, "they tied a girl to a ladder in an abandoned house and the villain, who appeared to be a snake collector, took them out of a bag by the handful and shook them at her and then draped them nicely around the ladder above her. It was a comical scene and all the rescuers being tangled up with all the snakes."

"Then the conspirators in the next film tried to make a girl reveal the hidden money by shaking a bowl knife and a large snake in her face. By that time Charlie and I were shuddering in unison. He said he hated 'em worse than I did and wasn't ashamed of it."

"There was a circus snake charmer in the next film and after that we fled. I tell you I stepped high going down the aisle and I noticed that Charlie had a tendency to hop along himself. I knew I could have made the door in two jumps if conventionality had not restrained me. The brightly lighted street looked very good to me."

"Then we clambered up the steps of our porch. I have been very proud of our porch this summer. It is shaded with vines and has heaps of palms and ferns and things all around it. The street light flickered through the vines like a well conducted musical performance. And then for an awful minute Charlie and I had convulsions."

"Simultaneously we leaped into the air and screamed—and when I came down I fell over a chair to the floor, while Charlie ripped the hammock down as he tumbled."

"Across my feet I hissed. 'I felt it bite on both insteps! Do you suppose it is a p-p-poisonous one?'"

"It's b-b-bit me, too!" Charlie stammered.

"As we sat clutching our lacerated ankles and shuddering I glanced down the street. Tearing along as though it was a motor car, came a crazy was a little black kitten! It was traveling about 100 miles an hour in its terror and then I remembered that I had had a sort of a similar noise just before the attack. The kitten was a little black kitten!"

FAMOUS TRIALS

TRIAL OF ADMIRAL BYNG.

"Nothing succeeds like success" is a popular epigram and it is well illustrated in the lives of many great men in the misfortunes and humiliations that have followed unpreventable failure. If a great soldier wins he receives the plaudits of the world, and equally its condemnation if he loses, and may be difficult to get out of his position. This is illustrated in the career of Admiral Byng of the English navy.

Byng was esteemed by the British navy as an able seaman and as a brave man, but he was ruined by partisan animosity. He was executed in 1707 for his failure in his attempt to relieve Minorca two years before, but after party fury had subsided and his conduct had been dispassionately examined his intentions were allowed to have been good, his courage indisputable and his death the consequences of rancorous misrepresentation from personal dislike.

On the 17th of June, 1706, he sailed in the Mediterranean he was hurriedly recalled by the ministry. He reached England and was placed on trial in November, 1706, by which time the trial was continued until the following June, when he was convicted of criminal neglect. Lord Anson had appointed Byng to the position as admiral in the Mediterranean, and although he was equally responsible with him in the failure, there is nothing to show that Anson did not fully agree with the finding of the court and the justice of the sentence.

Before leaving England Byng showed that the force he was taking out was inadequate for the service required of him, but his objections were overruled and he was assured that when he was joined by the ships already in the Mediterranean he would have a force at his disposal equal, if not superior to that of the enemy. He also complained that his ships were badly manned and were short of provisions.

But in spite of the representations Byng made to his government, he was compelled to follow orders, and because he failed to do so he was found guilty of cowardice and sentenced to death by court-martial. Byng was the most celebrated ever held in England. It brought out stormy debates and discussions in the British house of commons, and the sentence of death was passed by the court-martial this sentence was accompanied by a recommendation for mercy, but it was overruled.

The tragic fate of Byng formed the subject of much discussion at the time and it has often been discussed since, and many of the English historians have condemned the execution as a judicial murder. Boswell, the biographer of the admiral, was the head of the board that signed Byng's instructions on March 20, 1706. He signed the order for the court-martial on Dec. 14, following, and as commander-in-chief of Portsmouth he signed the immediate order for the execution on March 14, 1707.

Byng, as was most of the superior officers of the navy, was a member of the house of commons, and it fell to the lot of Boswell to inform the house on Dec. 8 that the king and the board of admiralty being dissatisfied with the conduct of Byng, he, the admiral, is now in custody in order to be tried."

The king refused to commute the sentence, though asked to do so by Pitt.

The conduct of Byng in his last moments confirms no part of the evidence of cowardice, which he was charged, for he was cool, determined, dignified and resigned. In answer to this, however, a historian states: "There is a broad distinction between a passive courage in facing death, which is often shown by warlike nations, notably the Chinese, and that more active form of couraging danger which leads to victory."

But in spite of Byng's misfortune at the time, an immediate posthumous honor was conferred on him and it was obtained from among the secrets of ministerial intrigue that he was a victim of ministerial cowardice, undeserving of the disgrace of an execution and obedient to orders which the men in office had not the courage to avow.

kitten had been asleep in the chair and dreamed that we were Newfoundland dogs. I suppose, weakly Charlie, and I staggered to our feet and into Charlie. We didn't say anything for some time. Then he said roughly: 'Well, anyhow, it might have been a snake—and it might have bitten us!'"

"I think I'll faint," I told him, shakily, and he had to rush into the house for ice water and a fan.

"While he was frantically chopping ice in the refrigerator, he shook loose some damp moss from the pile on the top of the icebox that the cook had forgotten to put inside and they landed on the back of his neck as he bent over to call the current jelly just made that day!"

"They dragged Charlie out pawing the air and gurgling and then saw me perched on top the back of the sofa, murmuring: 'The snake! The snake! Did it bite him?'"

Only the whole neighborhood is busy making up stories about the mysterious tragedy that occurred at our house. I believe they have it now that father chased mother away from her happy home with a mile off."

"Anyhow, father had to carry me up stairs. I was beyond touching the floor by that time. No, I haven't seen Charlie since!"

"Well, I don't wonder!" said the girl in the orange waist.—Chicago News.

EVERY DAY REFLECTS

"You have, my dear, a fatal fault. It is that of saying the wrong thing with deadly timeliness. There is but one sentiment you express well. Alas! It is anger."

That is an extract from a letter of a husband to his wife, read in a recent divorce suit.

Doubtless you know many a man against whom the same charge might be brought by his wife.

It would be a good thing if all married couples take a few lessons in conjugal psychology, or perhaps simply in the art of maintaining happiness.

There are many who understand love but do not know how to keep happy.

The habit of saying the wrong thing or, quite as bad, of not saying the right thing; letting the golden moment pass without the jeweled word; blinding the critical instant, when confidence bloomed, when tenderest affection unfolded, when the expanding heart looked for the loveliest response, by a bitter word, an intemperate difference or the poison of sarcasm! How much more such things have to do with domestic tragedy than the big, serious offenses.

To-day your wife, when she met you upon your return home, seemed to be charming him usual. It was her last effort to make peace with him. She had been at pains to make her personal appearance. Anybody else would have noticed that she had prepared especially to make a good impression. You, too, you were noticed. You let it go without a sign.

You would not have done so before marriage, and you wondered what was the matter with her. You were angry and set it down to feminine crankiness. She was hurt. You stabbed her with your criminal blindness.

And you, Adam. You have your husband you wanted. Why have you ceased to make him seek you? Why do you bank on his loyalty and yet never exert yourself to encourage it? Are you, too, a fool, afraid of love when to lose love would break you?

The thing you ought to say is generally the fiercest thing. And what you ought not to say is criticism. Shall we lie, then? Not necessarily. There are usually two things to say on any occasion. Select the pleasing one.

"I would much rather have an enemy who makes me a delightful combat, which he believes not a syllable, a sincere woman, than a friend who says disagreeable things to me under pretext of doing so for my own good."

There are grades in lies. Disarm the brutal commonplace! Spin rainbows in your days, and hang colored banners in your nights, if you do not want ruthless Diogenes to sample all your roses and desecrate your dreams.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Minnesota's 1913 fire loss was \$5.88 per capita.

THE WEARY WAY

Daily Becoming Less Wearisome to Many in Norwich.

With a back that aches all day. With rest disturbed at night. Annoying urinary disorders. 'Tis a weary way, indeed.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney trouble.

Are endorsed by Norwich citizens.

Mrs. Margaret Brown, 336 W. Main St., Norwich, says: "My back was in bad shape and I suffered severely from dull, heavy pains across my kidneys. It was almost impossible for me to get out of bed in the morning and I felt miserable in every way. I tried different remedies, but wasn't helped. When I read of Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a supply at N. D. Sevin & Son's Drug Store. They made me feel like a different woman, restoring my kidneys to a normal condition and removing the pains in my back."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Brown had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Buckley's America Suffer for Piles. Constipation Causes Sickness. Don't permit yourself to become constipated, as your system immediately begins to absorb poison from the backed up waste matter. Use Dr. King's New Life Pills and keep well. There is no better safeguard against illness. Just take one dose tonight, and at your Druggist.

Catarrh of Head

I Feel It

a Duty

to

Mankind

to Let

Them

Know of

Pe-ru-na

Mr. W. H. Chaney, R. F. D. 2, Sutherland, Pittsylvania Co., Va., writes: "For the past twelve months I have been a sufferer from catarrh of the head. Since taking four bottles of your Peru-na I feel a different person altogether. The severe pains in my head have disappeared, and my entire system has been greatly strengthened. This is my first testimonial to the curative qualities of any patent medicine, but I feel it a duty to mankind to let them know of the greatest medicine on earth—Peru-na—in my estimation for the above trouble."

Those who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peru-na Tablets.

Score One for Teddy.

In the opinion of a New York newspaper Colonel Roosevelt is the best friend Tammany has ever had. Score one for the Colonel, who has been accused of being nobody's friend but Theodore's.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Explanation Needed.

The Colonel should explain why political co-operation with Republicans this year is perfectly right for Progressives if they live in New York and wrong, forbidden and damnable if they live in New England.—Hartford Courant.

PIMPLES ON NECK CHEST AND BACK

Face Was a Sight. Large, Red and Sore, Became Festered. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Recovery Complete.

14 Holmes St., Rockland, Me.—"About a year and a half ago I would occasionally have a small pimple come out on my face and I would scratch it all the time. In doing so I began to have more until about a year later my face was a sight. Then they came on my neck and later on my chest and back. They were large, red and sore and in a very short time became festered."

"I put on two or three things but they did not seem to help me much. One night before going to bed I washed my face in as hot water as I could bear and Cuticura Soap, then applied the Cuticura Ointment. The next morning I felt better. In a month my recovery was complete." (Signed) Paul H. Locke, Apr. 4, 1914.

RASH DISFIGURED BABY

643 Hamburg Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"My baby's head broke out with a very bad rash and itched him so bad that he could not sleep. It disfigured him so that I was ashamed to take him on the street and he scratched until it bled. The rash fell out on several parts of the head. I sent for samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in two weeks my baby was entirely healed of his eczema." (Signed) Mrs. Edw. Schaefer, Jan. 26, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

Although Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world, a sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book will be sent free upon request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

TWO NERVOUS WOMEN

Made Well By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I had a severe case of nervous prostration, with palpitation of the heart, constipation, headaches, dizziness, noise in my ears, timid, nervous, restless feelings and sleeplessness."

"I read in the paper where a young woman had been cured of the same troubles by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was under the care of different doctors but did not improve. I was so weak I could hardly stand long enough to do my duties."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and happy and I have begun to gain in weight and my face looks healthy now."—Mrs. J. W. HONNINGSOME, R. No. 3, Ephrata, Pa.

Another Bad Case. Ephrata, Pa.—"About a year ago I was down with nervous prostration. I was pale and weak and would have hysterical spells, sick headaches and a bad pain under my shoulder-blade. I was under the care of different doctors but did not improve. I was so weak I could hardly stand long enough to do my duties."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and happy and I have begun to gain in weight and my face looks healthy now."—Mrs. J. W. HONNINGSOME, R. No. 3, Ephrata, Pa.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

There is no advertising medium in Eastern Connecticut equal to The Bulletin. Address: Norwich, Conn.

DAVIS THEATRE THURS., FRI., SAT.

2-BIG FEATURES-2

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OUR MUTUAL GIRL..... In a New Series of Adventures
HER REALLY MOTHER..... Beauty Drama With Margaret Fischer
IZZY AND THE DIAMOND..... Reliance Comedy Drama

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2,000 ft "THE VANITY CASE" 2,000 ft

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"CASTLES IN THE AIR," Selig, "THE LADIES' WAR," Vitaphone
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